



NO. 5 | 00101
FEB | 76/CDC

ALL NEW

Hanna-Barbera's



HONG KONG PHOOEY



EEEEEYAHAA



MISSSED AGAIN?

PAUL
FUNK
JR.



Hanna-Barbera's

Hong Kong Phooey

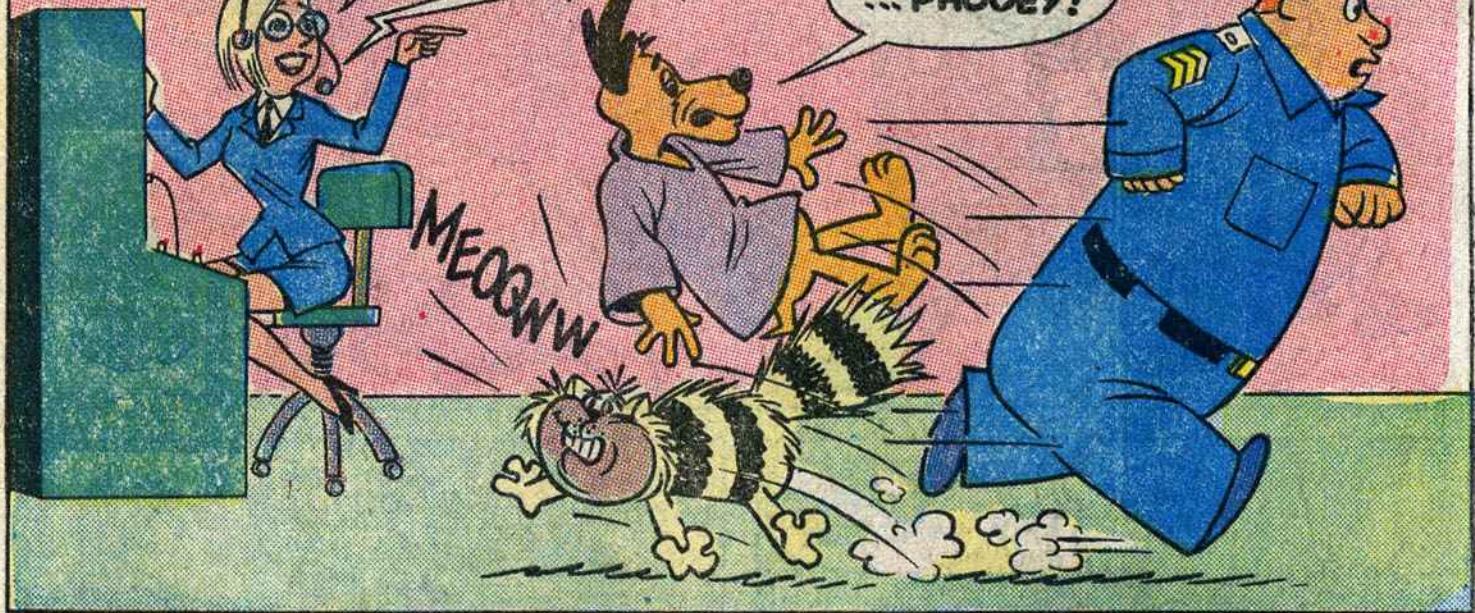
The Pirated Pets

SERGEANT FLINT, THE PET SHOP NEXT DOOR IS BEING ROBBED!

POLLY WANTS HIS CRACKER BACK!

I'LL TEND TO THIS!

THIS IS A JOB FOR HONG KONG ... PHOOEY!



I JUST SET A RECORD!

A RUSH JOB!

WOOSH!

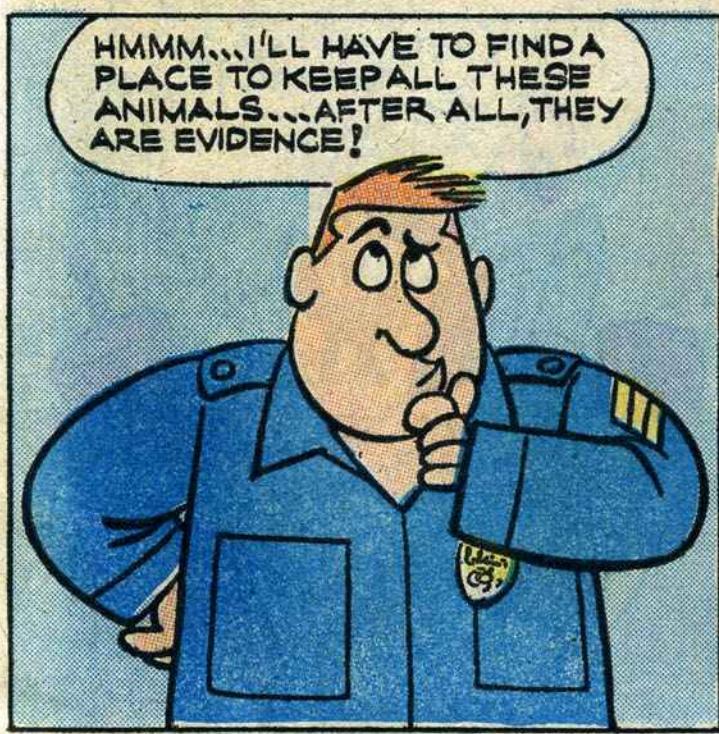
ONLY VICIOUS, HEARTLESS CRIMINALS WOULD ROB A PET SHOP!

WAM

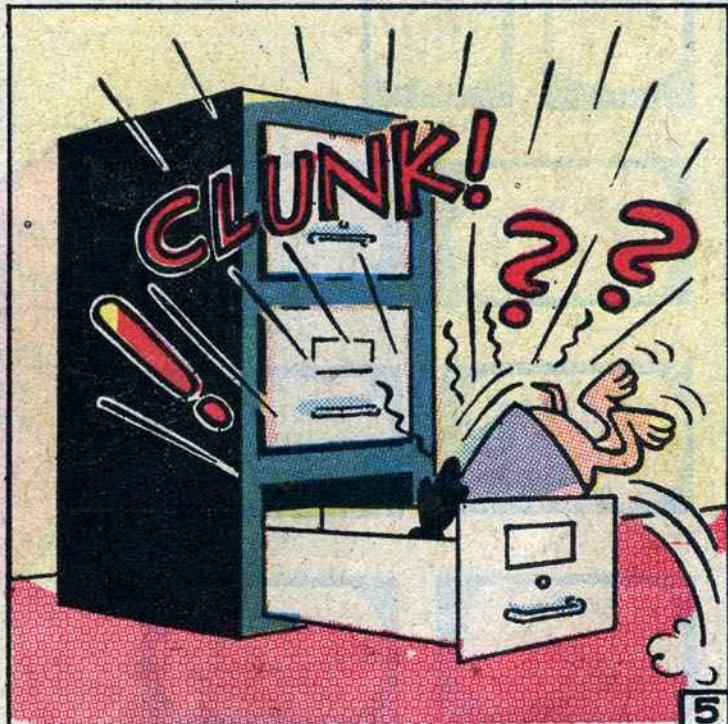
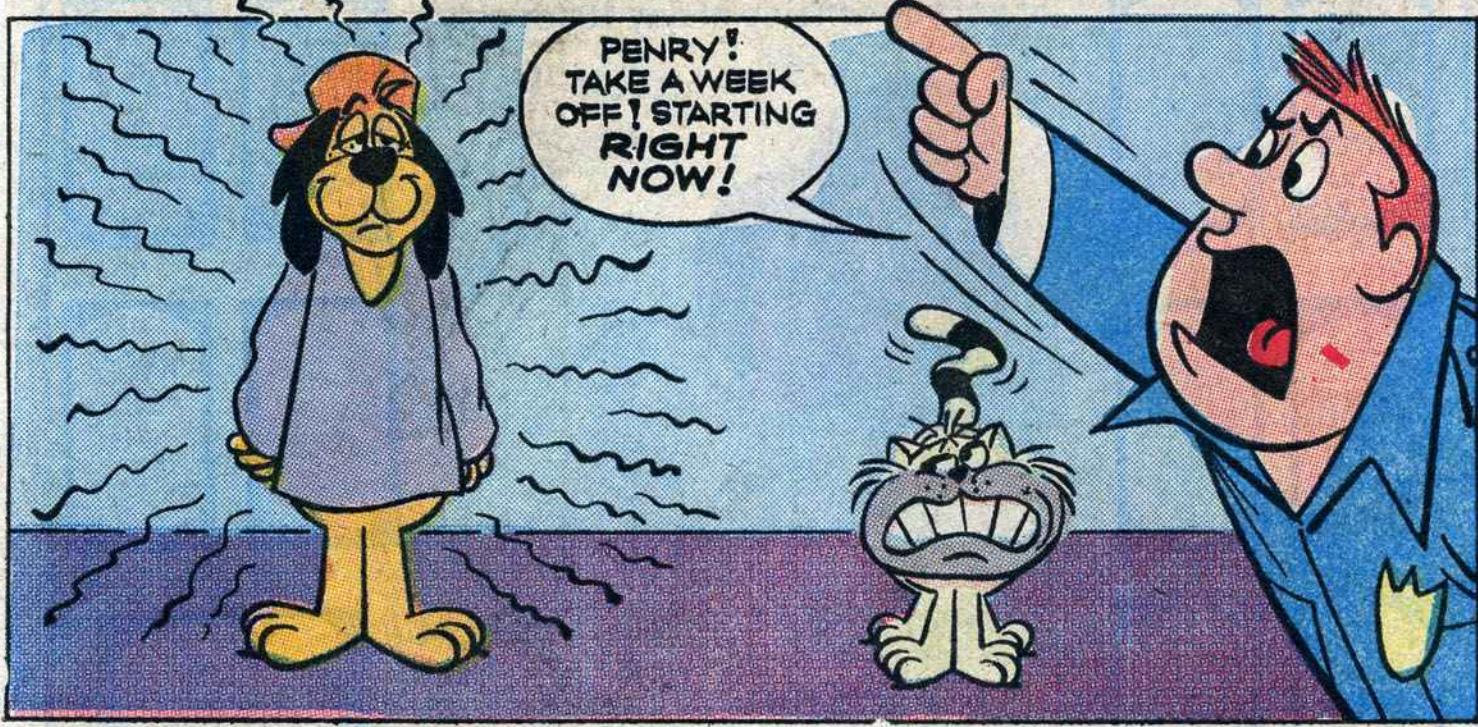
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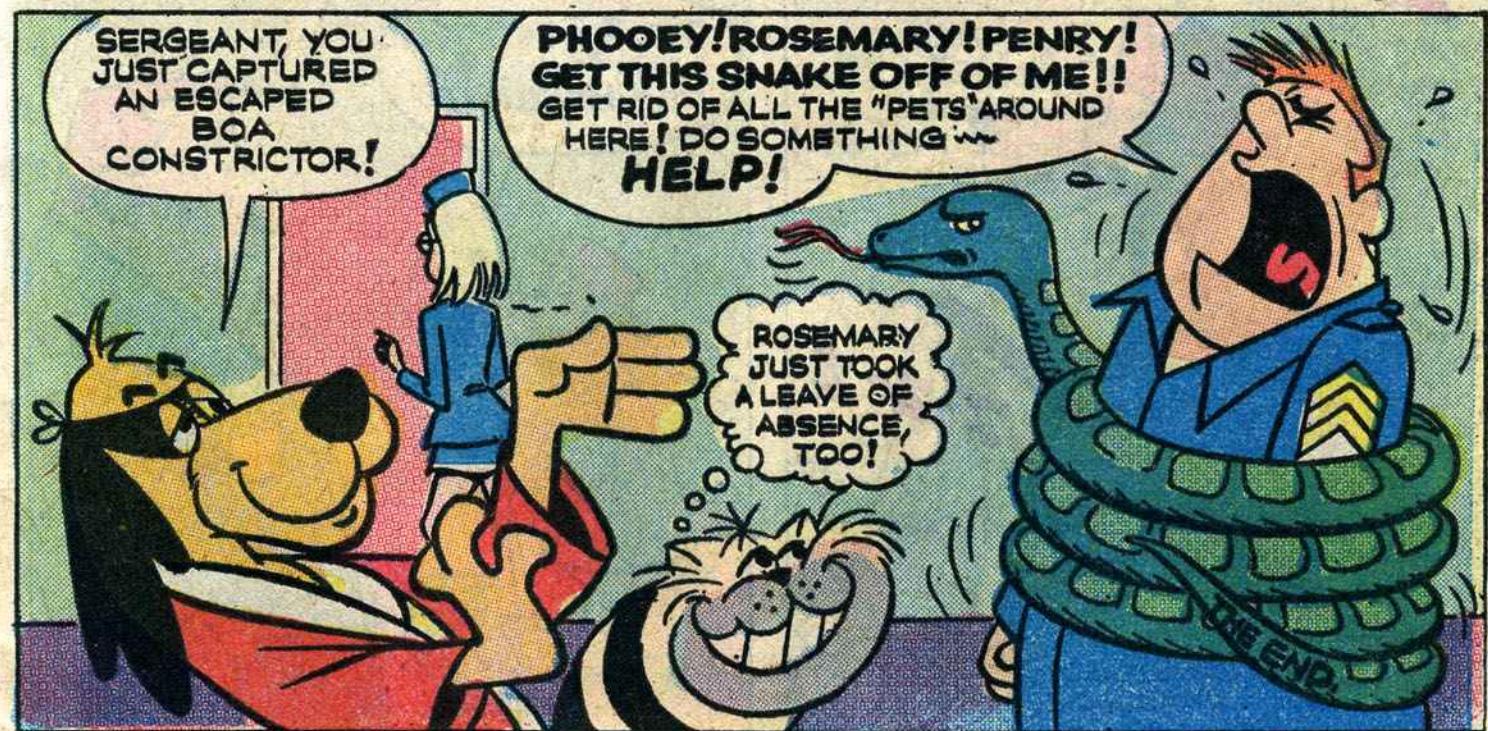
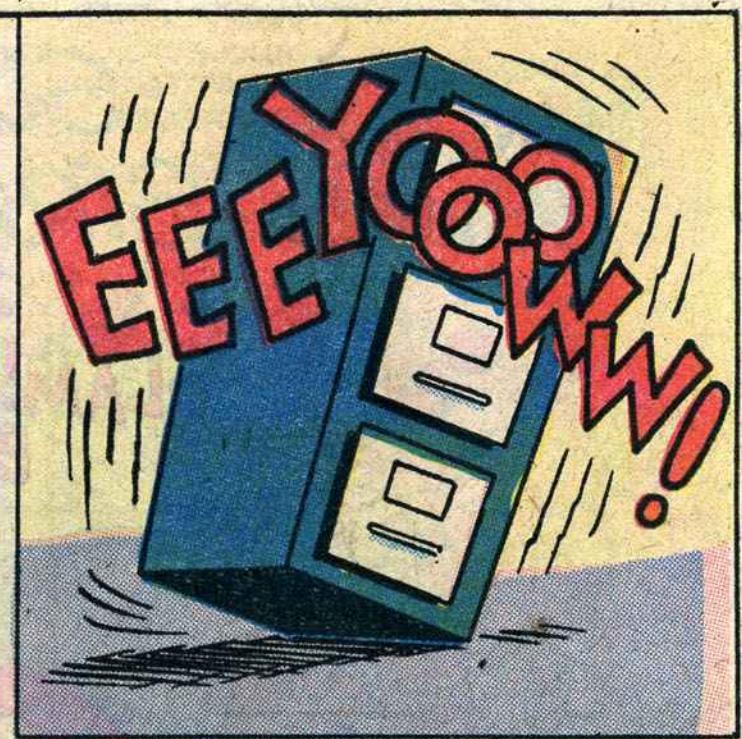
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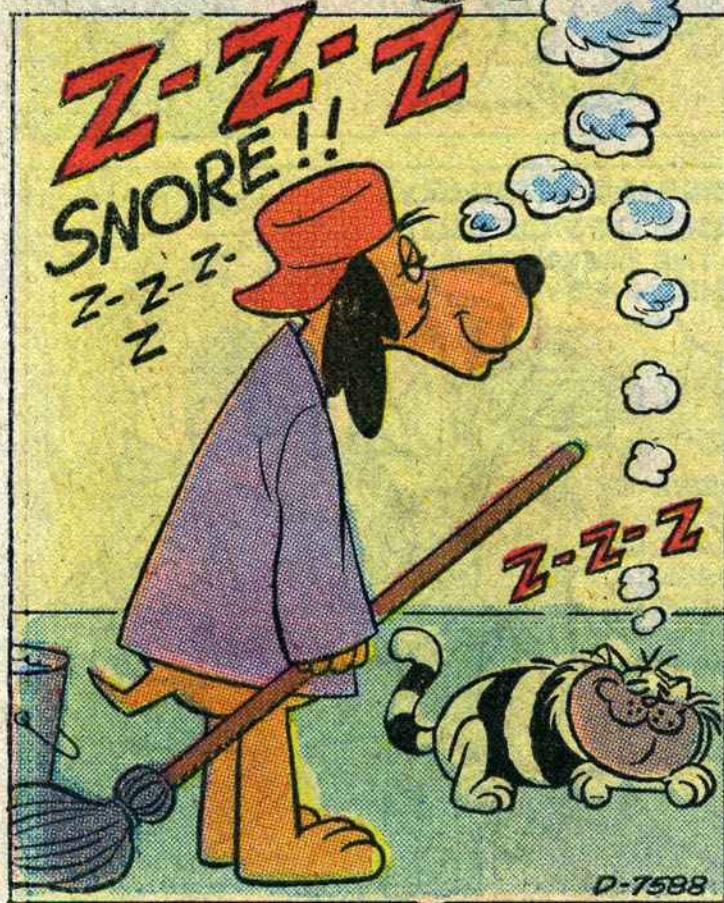




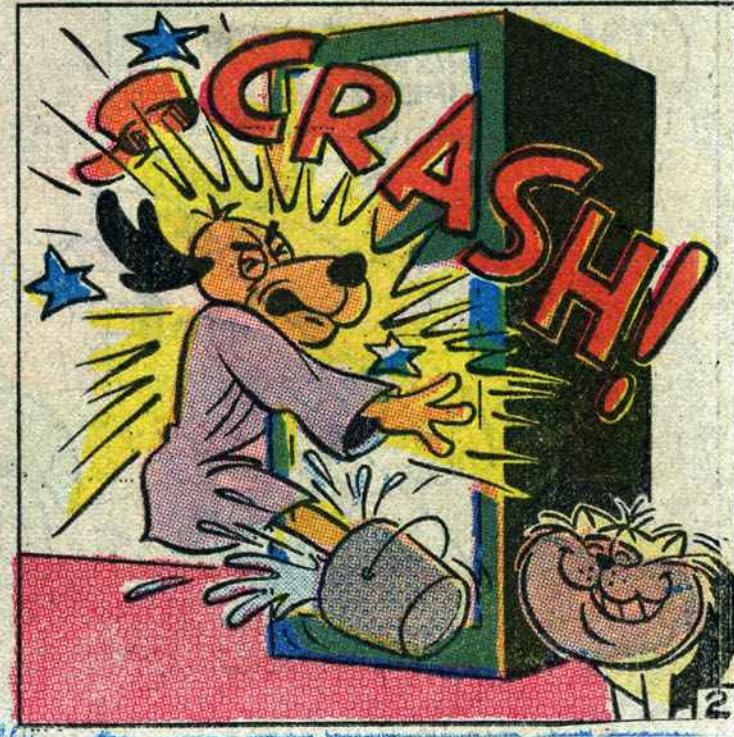
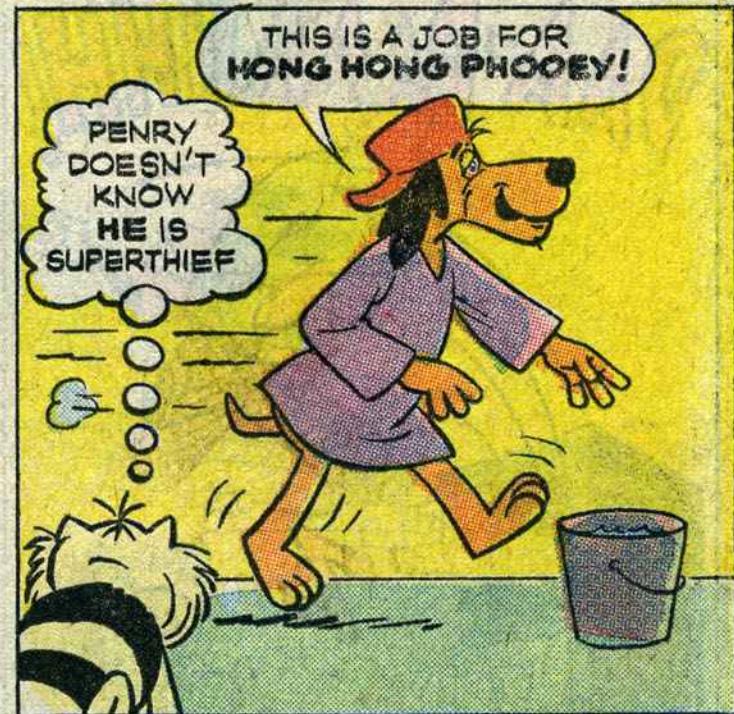
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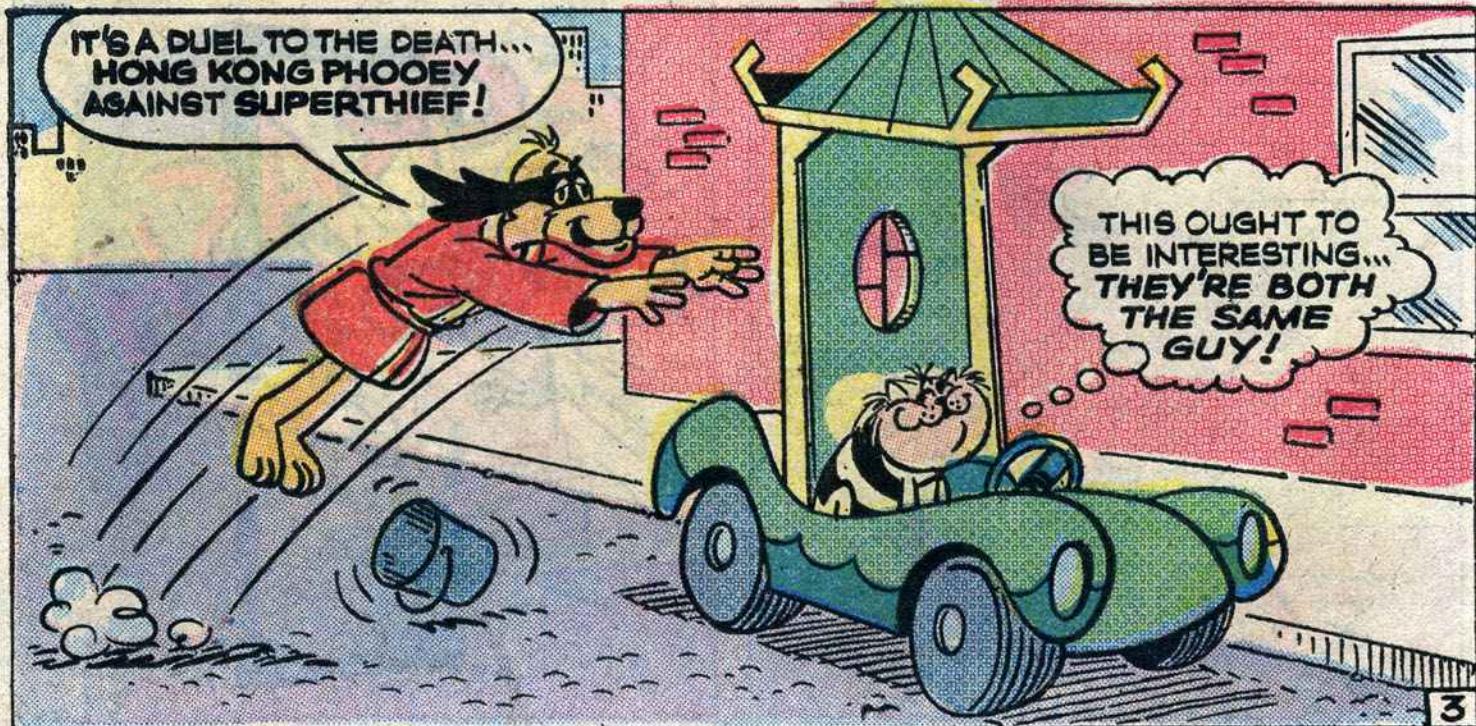
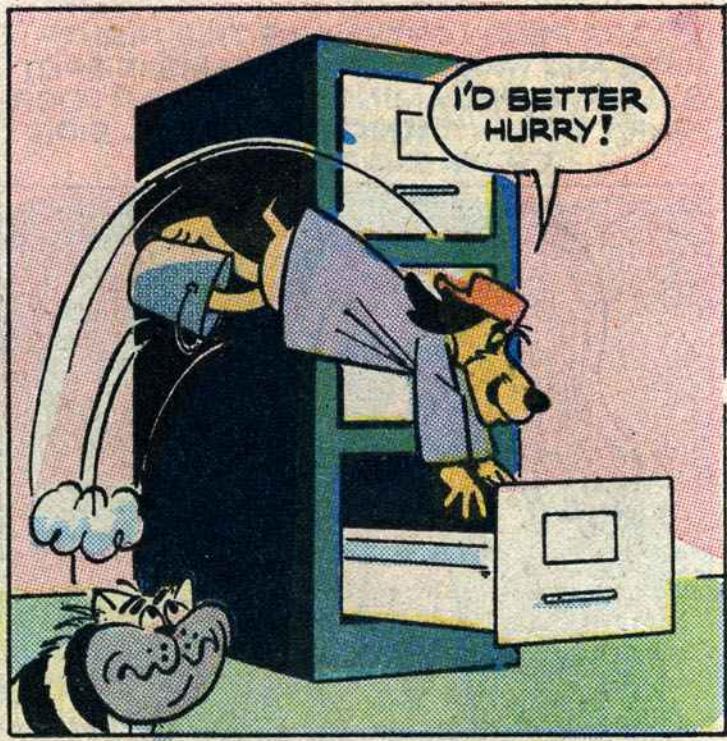
HONG KONG PHOOEY

SUPERTHIEF STRIKES AGAIN!

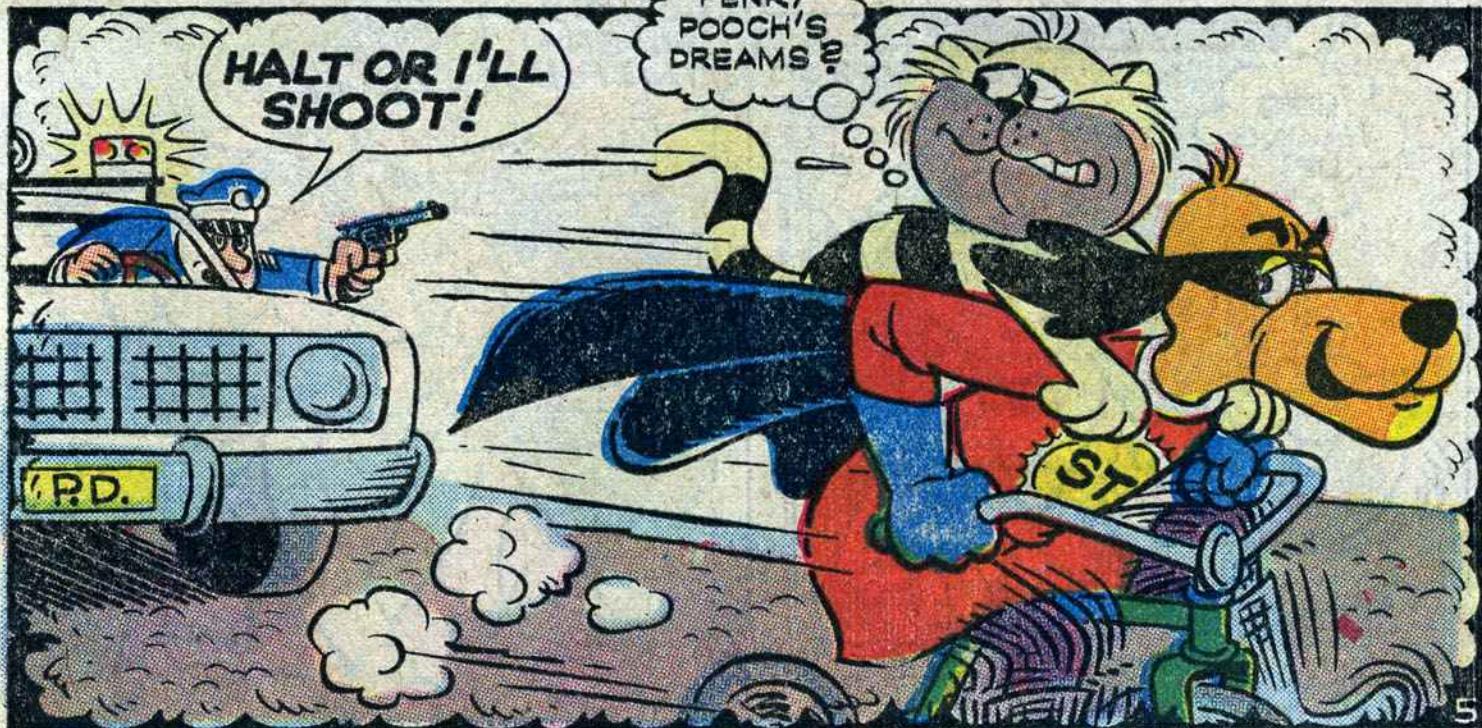
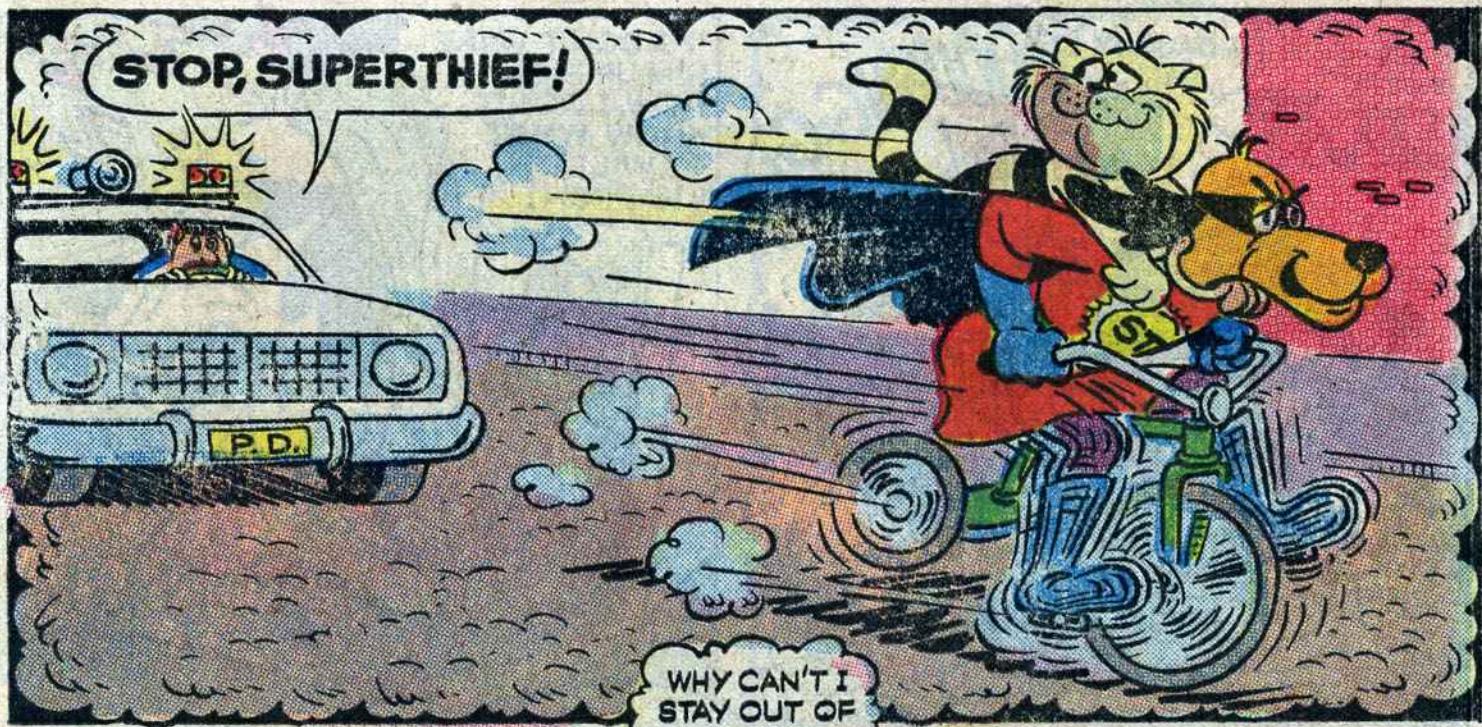


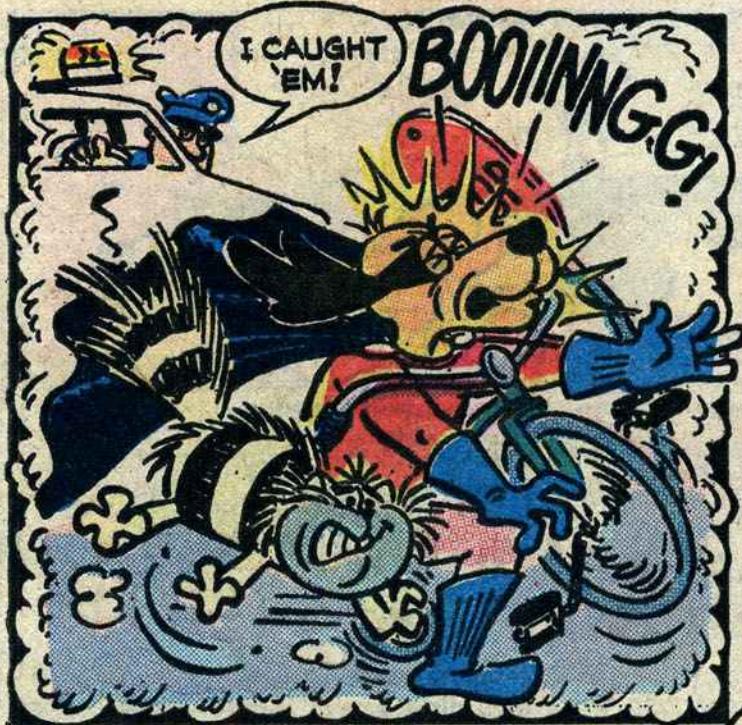
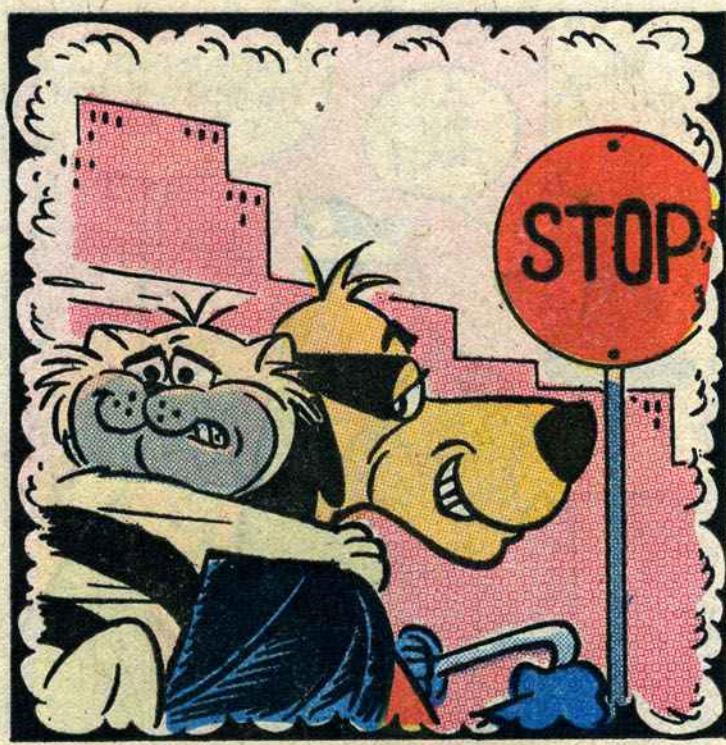
Poor Penry often has this nightmare and when Penry dreams it spot is always dreaming it with him! Poor Penry doesn't know this evil side of his character!

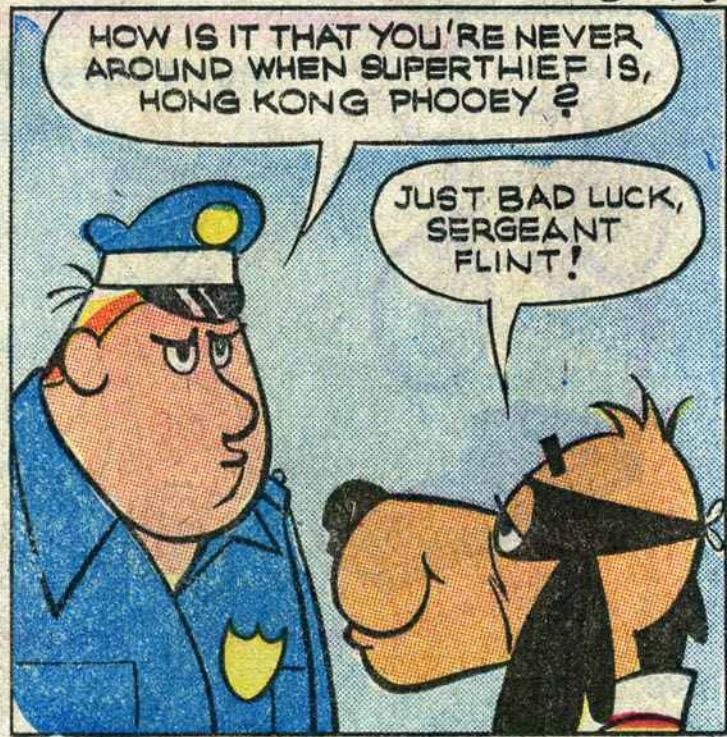


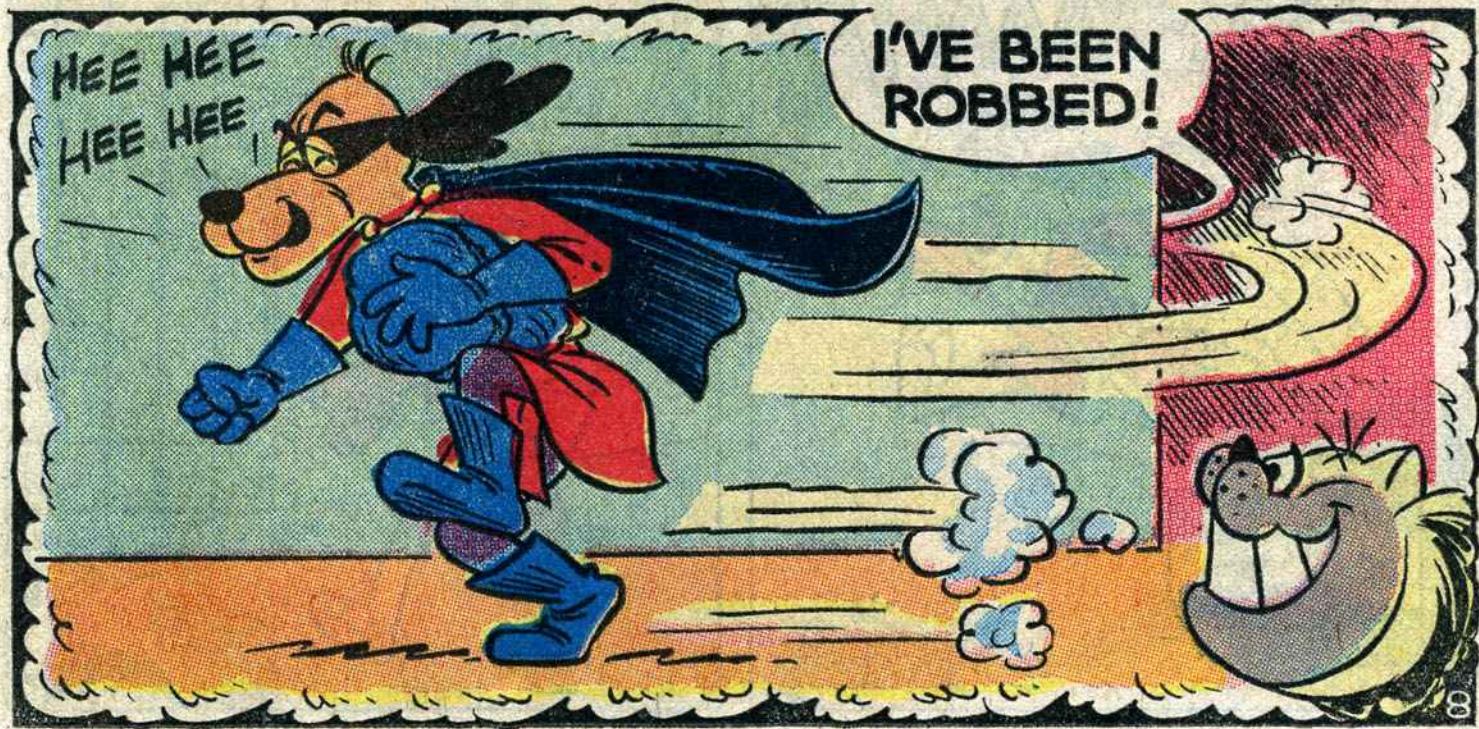
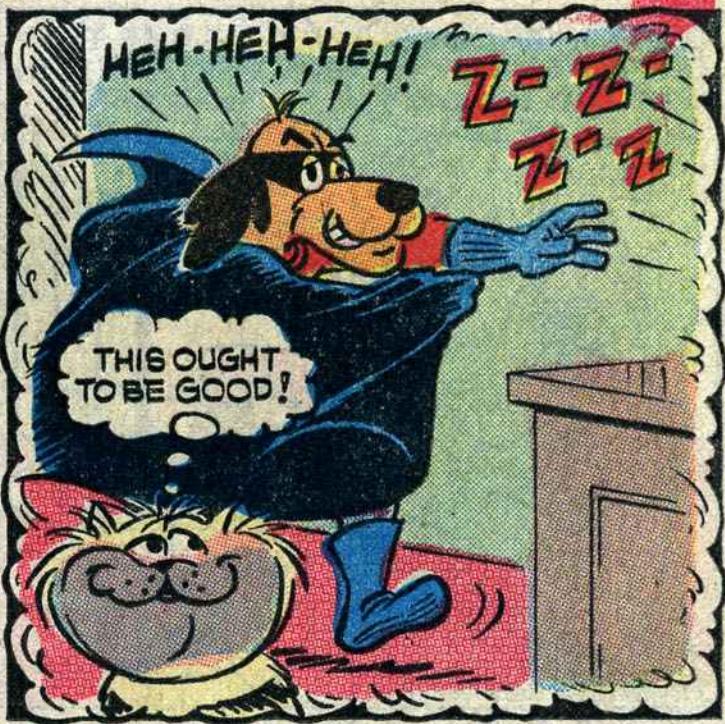


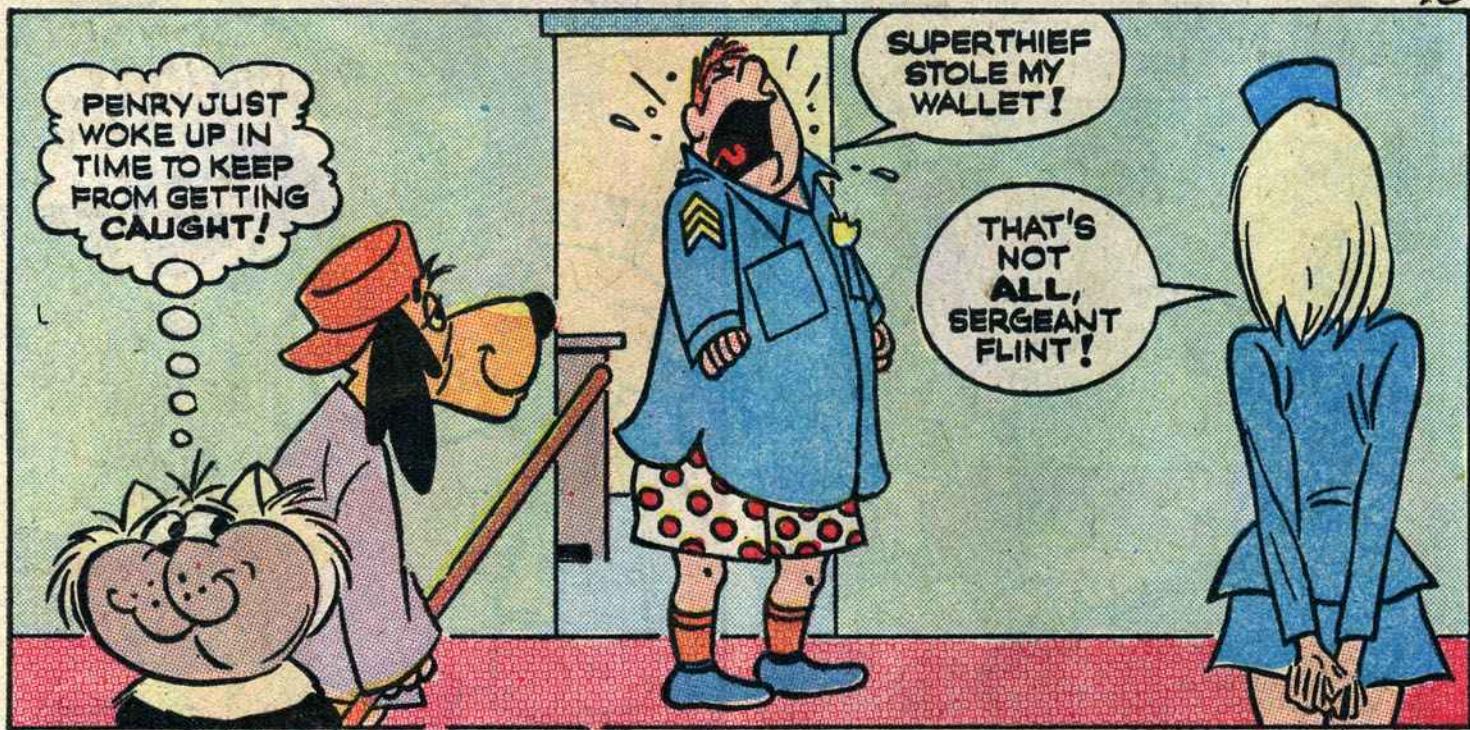


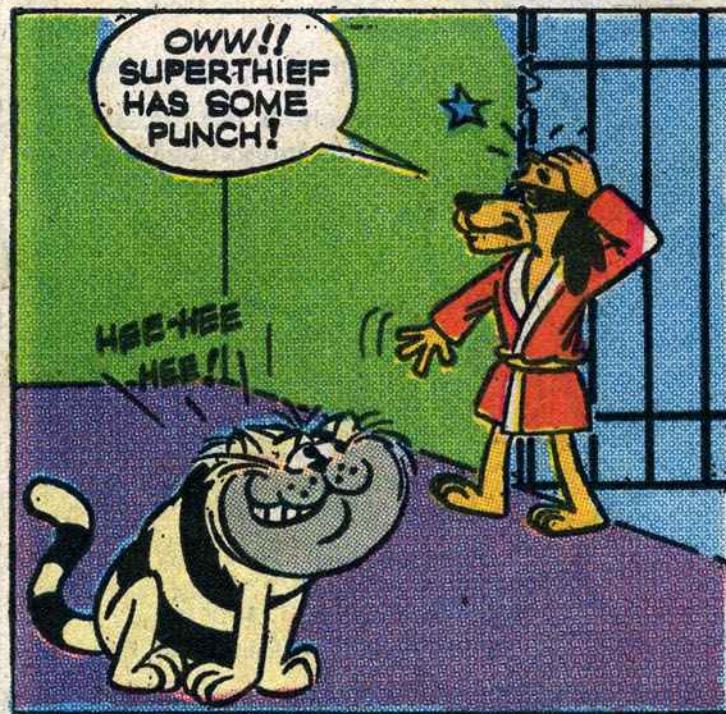
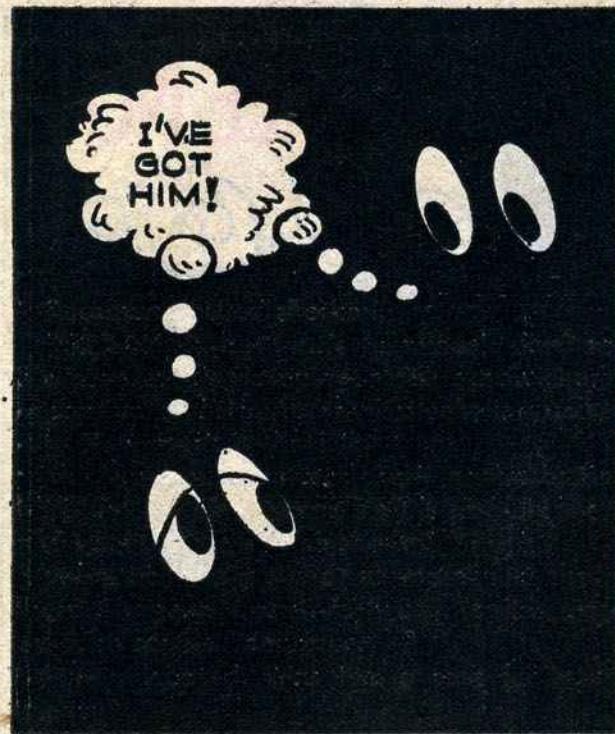












C.O.D.



In the police station, Rosemary tended the switchboard, Sgt. Flint dozed at his desk, and Spot watched Penry sweep the floor. It looked like an average day in town.

Penry hummed "Swing low, Sweet Harriet" (pretty dumb lyrics, he thought) as he swept. Then the switchboard buzzed and Rosemary answered:

"Buzz the fuzz, cuzz," she said sweetly. "What's your problem?"

"You ordered three pizzas, two steak sandwiches, and strawberry shortcake, lady?" a snarling voice rasped in her ear.

Rosemary, the lady cop with the earphone growing out of one ear, came alert. This was a major crime wave!

"Of course not. This is police headquarters. No one here would possibly order strawberry shortcake." Rosemary shot back.

Penry drooled. He was hooked on strawberry shortcake even though strawberries gave him a rash. But he didn't say anything.

"We didn't order pizzas, steak sandwiches, and strawberry shortcake, sir, I'm very sorry." Rosemary snapped and disconnected.

As she did so, the door opened and a hulking idiot in a delivery uniform entered. He carried three pizza boxes, a bag of steak sandwiches, and a big cake box at the sight of which Penry drooled.

"Here's your order, ma'am," the man growled. "That'll be \$23.40."

Rosemary looked shocked.

"\$23.40? Bu-but that's ridiculous! I don't eat pizza pie because it's fattening, steak sandwiches are too expensive, and strawberry shortcake is absolutely terrific. How much is that?"

The man looked irritated and Penry hid behind Spot.

"Lady, we can't break up the set. Gimme \$23.40 and take the chow," he snarled.

Penry nervously swept at some dust that wasn't there. The man was awfully big, terribly angry, and the food smelled delicious.

Penry debated. Was this a case for Hong Kong Phooey?

"Look, lady, whoever ordered this food gotta pay for it and I mean right now!" the Chinese-restaurant delivery boy snapped. "You're the switchboard operator. You must know who did it."

Rosemary looked at Penry, then Spot, and finally through the open door at Sgt. Flint who was snarling up a storm at his desk. From the expression on his chubby face, everyone knew he was dreaming about food. And his right hand still held the telephone with which the alleged crime had been perpetrated.

"That's the alleged perpetrator, lady," the big guy growled and headed for his office. "I'll get the \$23.40 outa him or call the cops."

Rosemary looked confused. "But we ... very well, sir."

The big guy marched into Sgt. Flint's office and stood by his desk.

Sgt. Flint's nose twitched as the aroma of pizza, steak sandwiches, and strawberry shortcake reached his bloodhound's beak.

"Aaaaahhh," he breathed.

The delivery man snarled "Aaaaahhh, my foot! If you wanna taste this grub pay me \$23.40!!

Sgt. Flint's baby-blues opened wide and he fumbled for his wallet.

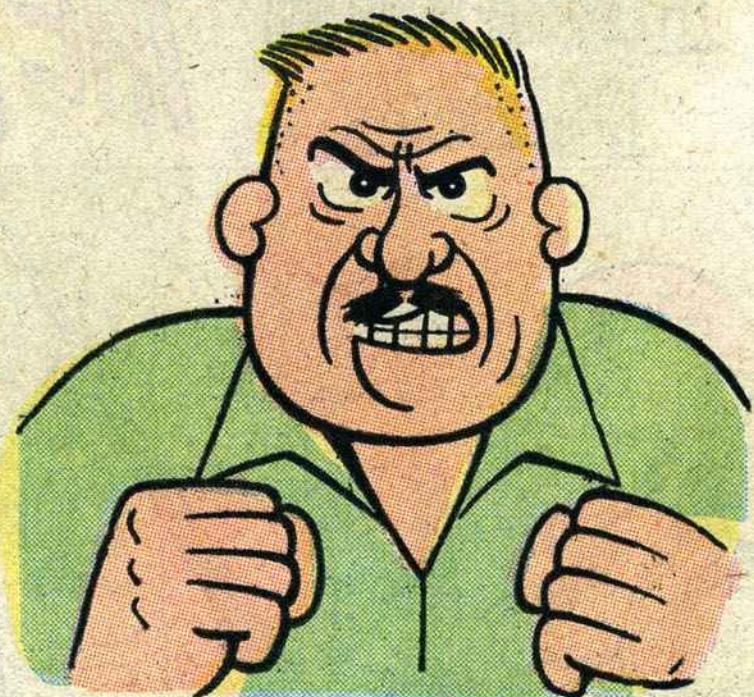
"Will you take a check, sir?" he asked hopefully, drooling at the same time. The big man growled, shook his head, and pawed the floor like a mad bull. "How about a credit card? Dainty Diner's Club? Master Charge Ticket? Plenty Credit Company?"

"No!"

"No!"

"No!"

Each "No!" was louder and on the last "No!" he stamped his feet so hard some windows broke, Sgt.



Flint's swivel chair collapsed, and Rosemary's switchboard lit up like a pinball machine.

Rosemary solved the dilemma. She looked at the delivery man.

"One of us has to pay the bill, right?"

The guy nodded ominously.

"That's right, lady!"

Rosemary went on, very logically. "Do you care who pays the bill?"

He snickered. "Why should I care who pays for cold pizza pie, greasy steak sandwiches, and soggy strawberry shortcake?"

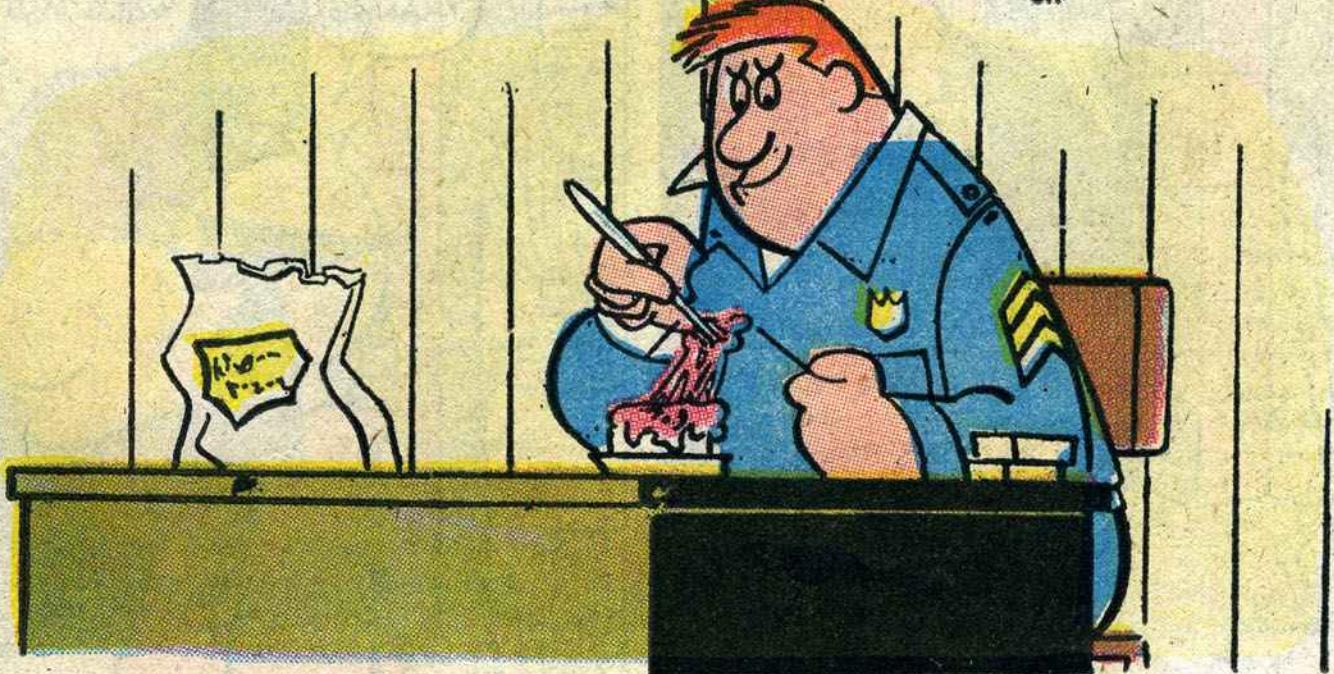
Rosemary smiled sweetly at him.

"Then, you pay the bill," she said. "Now, leave it on Sgt. Flint's desk and please leave."

The delivery man looked at Sgt. Flint who shrugged. Who could argue with logic? Penry got busy with his broom and Spot went back to sleep on the switchboard.

Only Sgt. Flint looked happy. He opened the bag and started to eat.

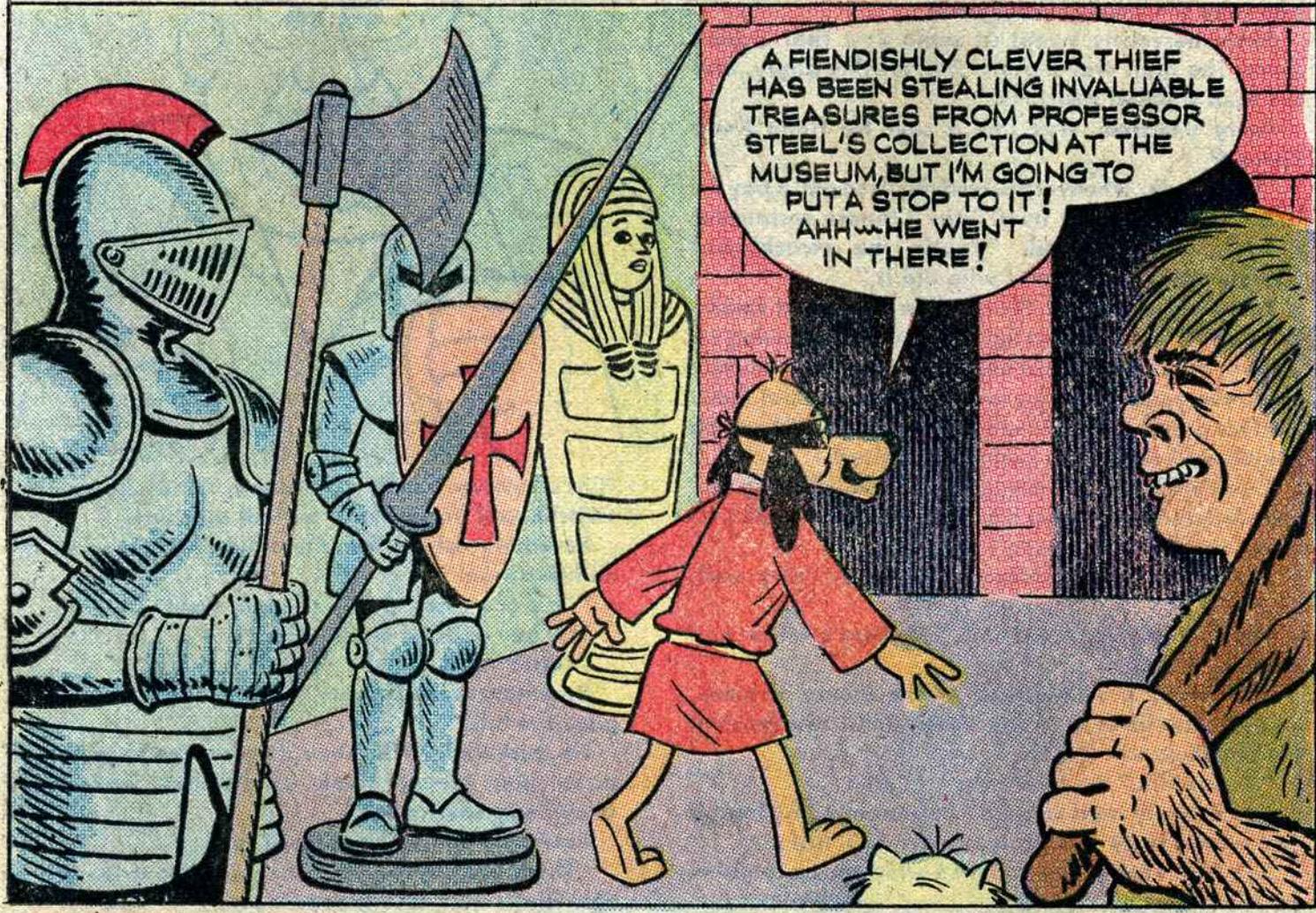
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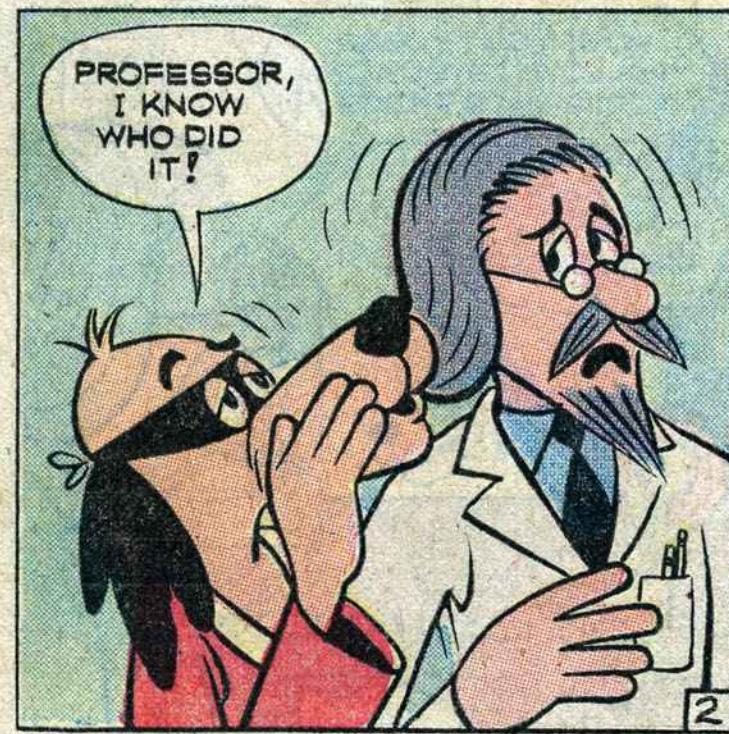
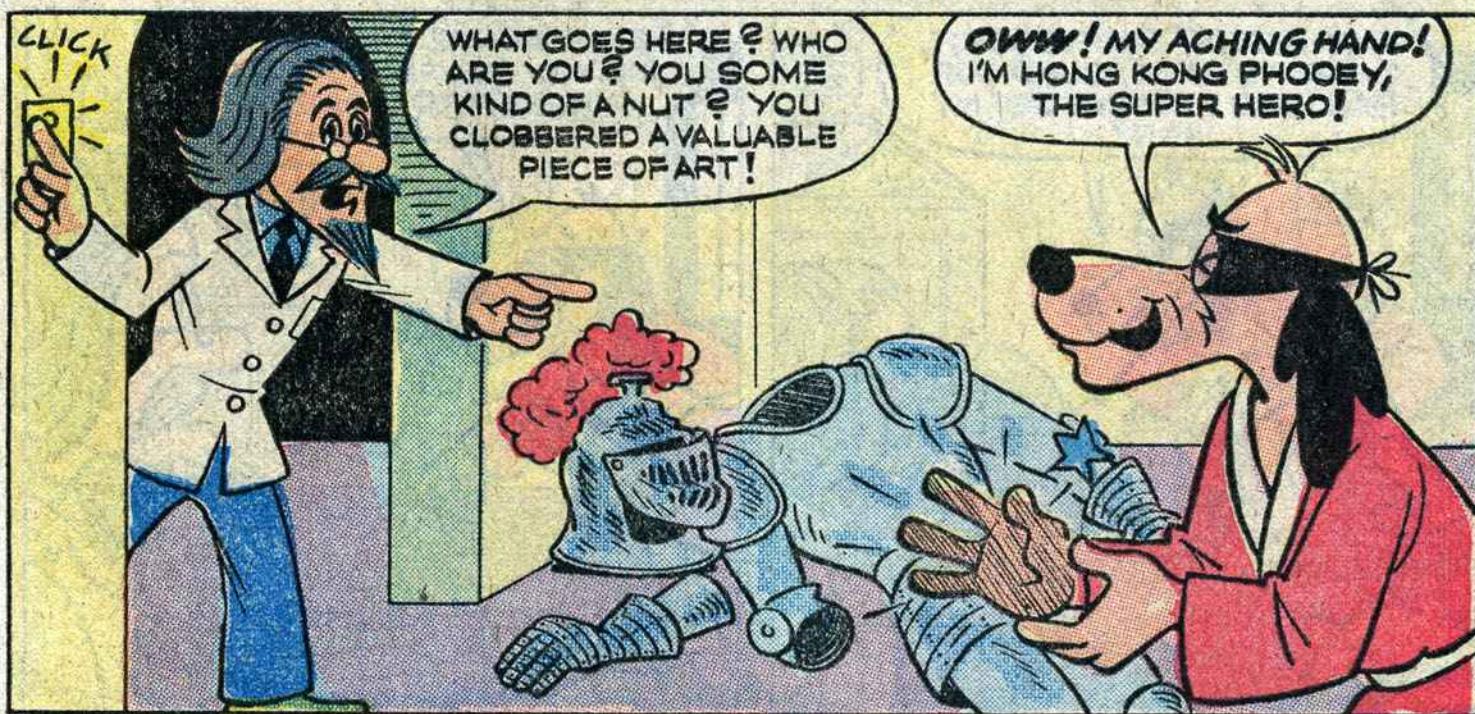


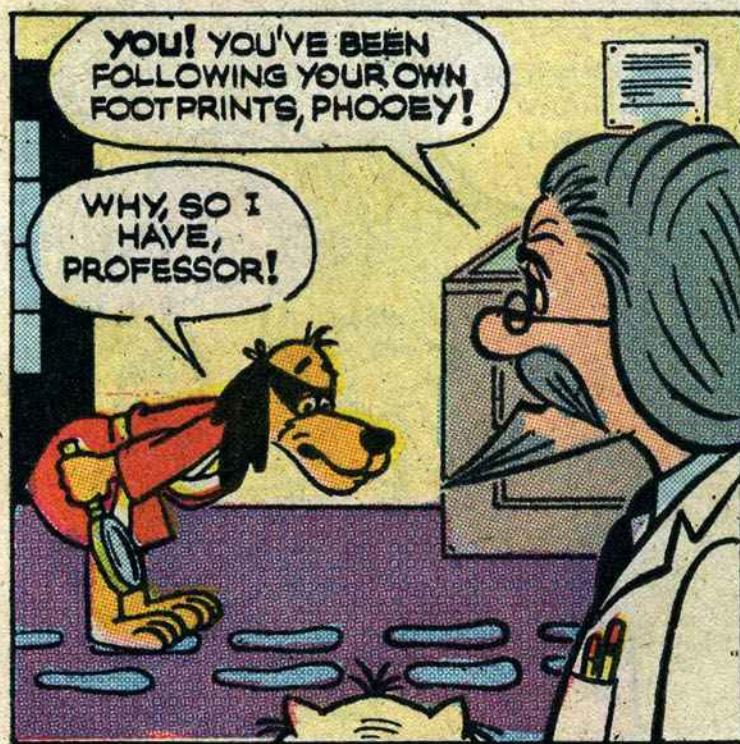
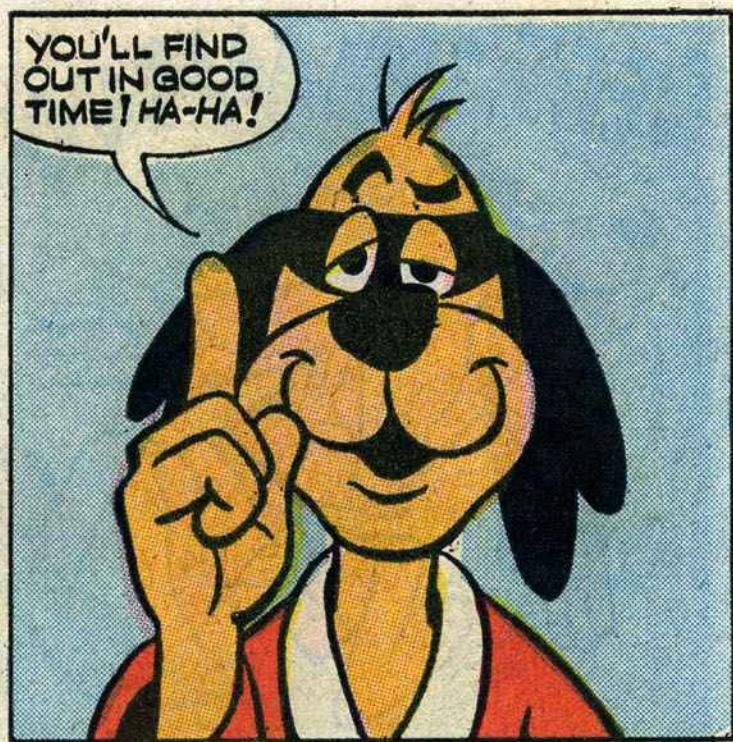
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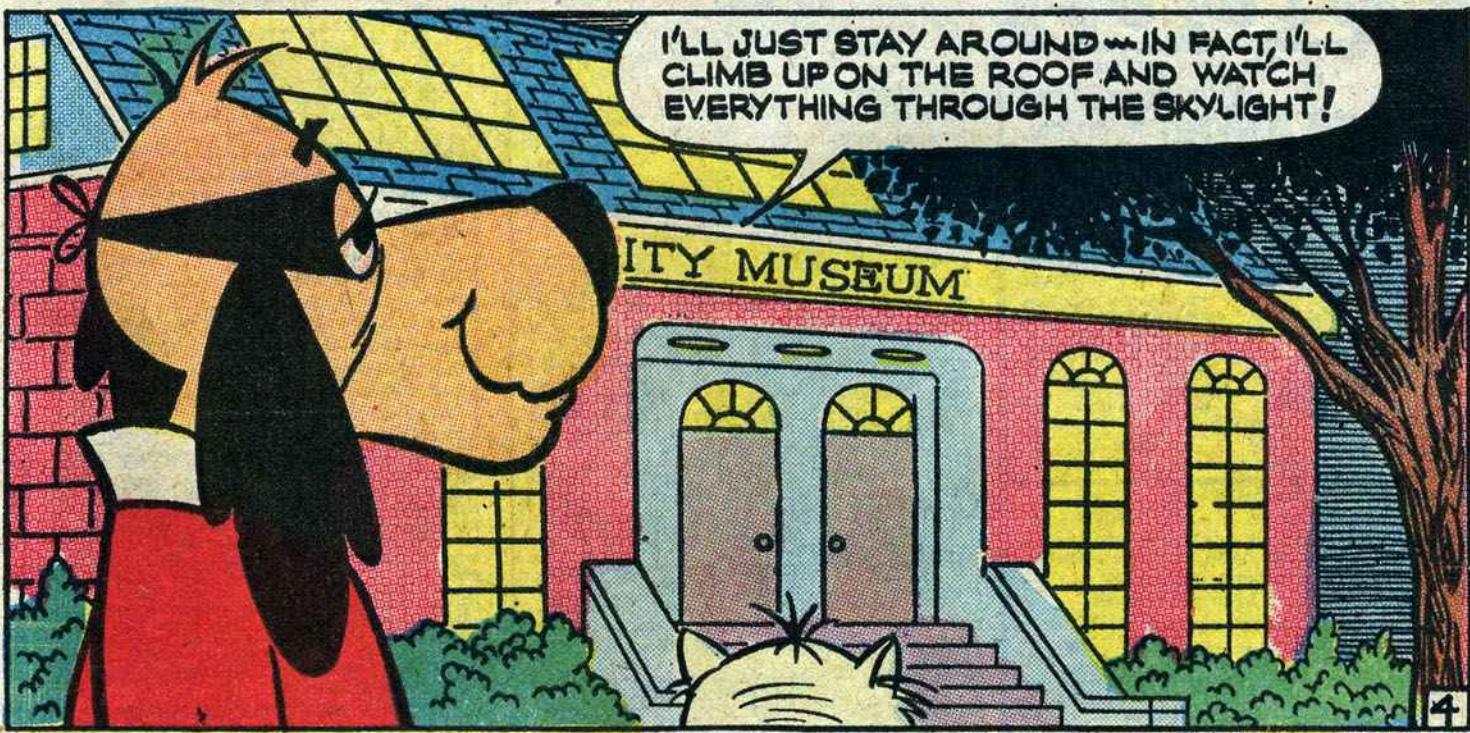
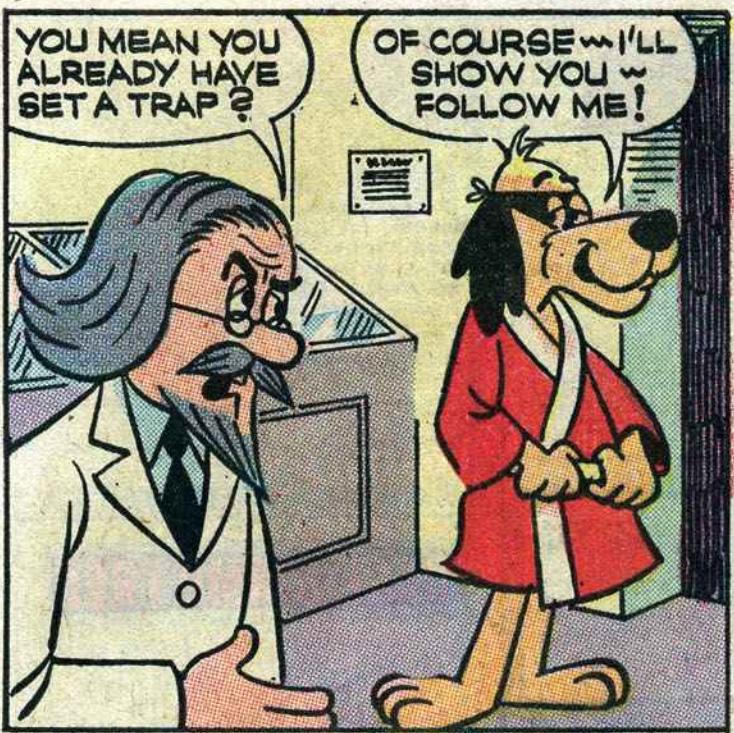
HONG KONG PHOOEY

THE MAD MUSEUM!









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